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No. 9. PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, JUNE 17. 1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.—No. 9.

GREAT WESTERN SANITARY FAIR, CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI was not slow in following the example of Chicago. There has always existed a sort of rivalry between the Queen City of the West and her younger sister of the Lake; but never was that rivalry displayed in a nobler and more generous form than when the contest arose which city should do most for the soldier. The "National Union Association," of Cincinnati, took the initiative, and, under its auspices, an organization, called the "Sanitary Fair Association," was formed, by which the Great Western Fair was conducted. General Rosencrans, who had seen much of the operations of the Commission in the Army, and who thoroughly appreciated the systematic beneficence of its work, was the President of this association, and gave it the valuable support of his great name. Two of the largest and most convenient edifices in Cincinnati, Mozart Hall and Mechanics' Institute, were occupied as the central depôt or grand exposition. A large building, known as the Industrial Palace, was selected as a place of exhibition for machinery; and a temporary restaurant, of enormous dimensions, was erected on Market Square. As at Chicago, the design was to enlist the support of every class in the community, and even of every individual, no matter how humble his means, in the holy work; and this design was effected by persistent, systematic, and thorough canvassing in every part of the country which had any relations, social or commercial, with Cincinnati.

The Great Western Fair opened on the 14th December, 1863, when speeches were made by General Rosecrans, Bishop McIlvaine, and other notabilities, national and local. The number of things that were done to insure its success defy all description or enumeration. There was an Autograph Committee, whose business it was to hunt down celebrities all over the country, and extract from them something in their own handwriting that would satisfy the public craving for this species of curiosity. The following is the answer of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston, to the request that he should be funny "over his own signature" for this special occasion:

BOSTON, December 14, 1863.

DEAR SIR:—You ask me for a list of questions in Natural History, with answers subjoined, for the use of the instructor. I submit a few which, I think, will serve your purpose for the proposed examination of the Scientific Class:

"1. What animal produces one of its own parents?

"Answer.—The beaver, which is well known to construct its own *dam*.

"2. Is the Dodo extinct?

"Ans. It is not, as shown by the following bill in my possession:

"'Mr. ——— to X———.	Dr.
One mongrel goose.....	$3 00
One do. do.	3 00
	$6 00

"3. What is the largest quadruped?

"Ans. The *mole* of Adrian.

"4. What is the lightest quadruped?

"Ans. The lynx. The lynx weighs less than an *ounce*.

"5. When does a horse stand on six legs?

"Ans. When he stands on his *fore* legs and his two hind legs also.

"6. What other insect is the bee afraid of?

"Ans. The beetle—(scare-a bee-us.)

"7. Is the otter of roses obtained from that animal when fed on other vegetables—cabbages for instance?

"Ans. Probably. The musk deer furnishes his perfume when fed on *water* melons.

"8. What instance can you give of the cunning of serpents?

"Ans. The simple fact that they secrete their venom where they can find it when wanted.

"9. Why do the above questions amuse you more than the answers?

"Ans. Because the person who asks the question is the querist.

"As to the other questions about which you ask my opinion, my answer must be brief.

"Eighteen hours' study out of the twenty-four is too much, I think, for delicate young persons. It does not allow sufficient time for sleep, recreation, and meals.

"I doubt about the introduction of capital punishment as a part of the ordinary college discipline. It will have a good effect on the survivors, no doubt.

"OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

There was a "Committee on Trees," whose business it was to dress Christmas trees, and large numbers of them, we need hardly say, were disposed of. There was a Horticultural Department, and it was filled with flowers and plants from various parts of the State. There

THE VASE.

At the close of the Fair last evening the vote upon the $5,000 silver vase stood as foilows: Union League 324, A. Lincoln 180, John Welsh 111, Admiral Farragut 50, General Meade 31, General Hancock 30, Governor Curtin 26, Dr. Bellows 15, S. P. Chase 12, General Grant 12, Bishop Wood 16, Bishop Simpson 46, Bishop Potter 6, General McClellan 12, General Sherman 6, John Bright 6, Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon 3, Scott Stuart 31, Admiral Dupont 4, E. M. Stanton 2.

THE SWORD.

At ten o'clock the sword vote stood as follows: General Meade 1,644, General Hancock 1,356, General McClellan 155, General Grant 104, scattering 62—total 3,321.

HOW THE SANITARY IS WORKING IN THE FIELD.—No. 4.

[From our Correspondent with the Army of the Potomac.]

WHITE HOUSE, VA., June 6, 1864.

I propose to present in this letter some account of the "Auxiliary Relief Corps," which is a very important arm of the Sanitary Commission service. It is organized in accordance with the following idea: As all the work of the Commission is supplementary, it must, in the construction of its several departments, correspond as nearly as possible with the army arrangements. For example, at this base there are seven corps-hospitals, and there must, therefore, be seven corps-stations of the Commission, if each hospital is furnished with suitable care. You will not understand me to mean dwelling-houses or barracks when I speak of hospitals, as there are but few houses within sight of this place, and they are rude, dilapidated log huts. A hospital here, is, wherever there are sick and wounded men, whether they are under shelter or not. As soon as practicable they are covered with some sort of defence from the sun or rain, but hundreds of them are oftentimes obliged to remain out of doors during the night. Such was the case last night.

Those who are not able to be sent away, or those who will recover here as readily as they would in a Northern hospital, are kept in camps which represent, by name and number, the several corps of the army. Along the line of battle there are camps of *well* men, divided into separate corps, under corps commanders. At the "water-base" there are camps of *sick and wounded men*, divided into separate corps, under the command of surgeons. There are thus seven corps hospitals, and seven supply stations of the Commission —one for each hospital, and, beside these, two feeding stations to supply the wants of soldiers who are on their way to hospitals, or who do not need more than rest, nourishment and surgical dressing, before being taken on board steamers for Washington. To these stations there is assigned a squad of relief agents, with a supply of stores for the use of the hospital, and any others who may chance to pass by and need care and comfort. One or more competent "dressers" are associated with the squad, whose duty it is to be always ready with bandages, lint, &c., to dress wounds. Hundreds and hundreds are thus, day by day, made more comfortable, and their recovery hastened.

The relief is thus given to the men directly in every emergency, and the store or supply sent is always on the spot, and open to meet the current daily want.

An idea may be formed of the contents of a Commission Corps tent, by the following statement, which I copy from a requisition just now filled:

200 pounds sugar, 192 cans milk, 240 cans beef, 144 cans tomatoes, 48 cans peaches, 10 gallons pickles, 1 barrel bandages, rags and lint, 6 dozen splints, 80 pairs slippers, 100 pairs socks, 114 shirts, 140 pairs drawers, 1 ream paper (writing,) 100 envelopes, 30 candles, 5 boxes lemons, 1 cask porter, 4 boxes whiskey, 2 boxes brandy, 1 box blackberry cordial, 2 boxes sherry, 25 feeding tubs, 1 roll patent lint, 1 box jamaca ginger, 60 pairs crutches, 10 pounds castile soap, 100 towels, 96 handkerchiefs, 12 lead pencils, 2 stretchers, 1 rubber blanket, 2 haversacks, 1 pound candles.

A two-horse wagon is kept for transporting supplies from the supply boat (which you know is a barge on the Pamunkey) to and from all the corps and feeding stations, that every want may be met, so far as it may be practicable to do so.

In addition to the supplies distributed to the hospitals, &c., here, I present the following transcript of a requisition filled this day for the front. The goods will be placed in the hands of the Relief Agent there, who will send them to the different hospitals, and cause them to be suitably divided:

1600 shirts, 1200 pairs drawers, 24 boxes milk, 8 boxes brandy, 16 boxes Jamaica rum, 8 boxes sherry, 400 pounds smoking tobacco, 8 boxes lemons, 850 tin cups, 800 towels, 8 half barrels bandages, 8 half barrels rags, 48 pounds pepper, 8 gross matches, 8 gross Jamaica ginger, 8 barrels soft crackers, 40 pounds chloroform, 48 bottles morphine. Four days forage for each team.

These are for the General Hospitals on the battle field, but in order that there may be no drain upon them, to meet the wants of wounded men who are forwarded to this place, a special train is sent to supply them, and special agents accompany it with empty bottles, canteens, and other conveniences, that any who may be found by the way shall be served, as well as those who may be met at the field; the object being chiefly to furnish milk punch, and crackers in the wagons. The last load consisted of the following:—10 boxes of Whiskey; 10 boxes of Milk; 10 barrels Crackers; 50 lbs. Sugar; 2 boxes Jamacia Ginger; 1 doz. Shirts; 1 doz. Towels; 1 doz. Handkerchiefs and 3 Buckets, besides a large quantity of Cups, Ladles, Slings, Cushions, Reading Matter and Stationary. The reading may be enjoyed on the way, and stops and rests furnish opportunities for writing a few lines to friends at home, which are forwarded by the Commission free of expense.

This leads me to notice the Post Office department, which has proved to be of such magnitude as to require much of the time of one man. An average of from two to three bushels of mail matter, (mostly letters), are accumulated at the various offices every day. At each feeding station, and each supply tent, it is arranged to have a post office, and the person in charge acts as postmaster. The letters, &c., are accumulated daily, and sent to the central office, where they are put in charge of a special messenger, and sent to Washington daily. At the office of the Commission there, they are stamped and forwarded without cost to the soldiers Imagine a hospital with a thousand patients in it. They are visited daily. Dressers bind up their wounds, nurses administer cordials and comforts, write for them, or furnish them with the means of writing; they find a post office within their own camp, through which they may send letters free, and then think that this opportunity is furnished to every hospital in the field, and to every man in the army, and that these are all distributing points for letters to the soldiers from their homes, and you may judge of the value of the postal arrangements of the Commission, both as a supplementary service, and as a great individual benefit to the soldier and his friends.

The more I see of this work the more I am satisfied with the wisdom of its conception, the completeness of its plan, and the broad Christian benevolence which inspires its labors. It has its faults. Its chief fault lies in the imperfection of its laborers. So few men are capable of measuring themselves by the standard of an unselfish reality in what they do, that when human infirmity attempts to grasp the great, the broad, the Divine genius which moves to generous effort, they find themselves unequal to the work. It is the experience of all true men who engage in the Commission with a determination to *know* it, that it grows upon them, and that they must grow with it. Those who complain of the imperfections of a great and good cause are those who find most reason for self-complaint, over their own imperfect conceptions of the true and comprehensive. The history of the Sanitary Commission, when it shall be written, will be a grand demonstration of the fact, that the noblest impulses of human nature, and the purest teachings of Christianity have been joined in a league of benevolence and love, which has only failed to reach its climax of good because of the imperfections which are the inheritance of our race.

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P. S. Pa says he is going to telegraph to St. Louis to find out about Phœnix's "antecedents," *just to please Aunt Slocum.* I wish he wouldn't; it looks *so distrustful,* but you know if Pa gets anything once in his head, there's no arguing the point. I shall take this letter in my pocket to the Fair to-day, so as to add anything *new and interesting* that may turn up there. The Fair, by the way, is a great success. Among other things they publish a newspaper there every day called the *Daily Fare.* It's *so* entertaining that I shall send you a copy every day it comes out.

P. S. 1 o'clock, heavens, Amelia, what do you think! Pa's just got a telegram from St. Louis in these words, "P. F. is a humbug —no such firm here as Ketchum, Contract & Ketchum." O dear, O dear, what shall I do? *But I don't believe a word of it,* nor will I allow my own dear Phœnix to be torn from me in this way. Pa's in an awful rage and swears revenge! Bob says P. F. won't show his face again, and he owes him $50 borrowed money and the stable bill!

P. S. 3 o'clock, another telegram as follows just received by pa: "P. F. is a swindler. He has a wife living here whom he deserted three years ago."

P. S. 3½ P. M., Third telegram. "P. F. has another wife in Kentucky and four children!"

O! O! what shall I do! what shall I do!

Yours *distractedly,* FANNY.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY JOHN ADAMS.

QUINCY, May 25th, 1816.

To Judge Vander Kemp:

Reverend, Honorable, Learned, Venerable, and Dear Sir: As I stand in great need of a Casuist in Philosophy, Morality and Christianity, to whom should I apply but to you, whom I consider as the best qualified of *all my friends.*

The Stoicks, the Christians, the Mahometans and the North American Indians, all agree, that complaint is unmanly, unlawful, and impious. To bear Torment without a murmur, a sigh, a groan, or a distortion of Face or Feature, or a Wryth or contortion of the Body, is consummate Virtue, Heroism, and Duty. Mr. Lear has, compleated the glory of great, and good Washington, by informing us that he suffered great distress without a sigh or a groan. Jepthah's Daughter Agamemnon's Iphigenia, the Hindoo Widows, who roast, boil, and, fry with their Husband's Bones, probably utter no Shrieks. The son of Acknomack never complained. Brissot and some of his Colleagues are said to have pronounced *Vive "la Repub"* when the Guileotine had cut off the head, which hopping, and bouncing, and rolling, articulated the Syllable, "lique" after it was sundered from the shoulders.

I can almost believe all this. The history of the Christian Martyrs and the French Clergy on the 2d of September, seems to render it credible. Indeed, in the course of my strange life, I have had at times, some Feelings of a like kind, but I do not give so much Weight to all these, as to the cool declaration of our excellent and blessed, tho' our passionate, Dr. Chauncey, that he had found by Experience, that a Man could lye all night on his Pillow, under the most excrutiating Torment of Toothache, Headache, Rheumatism or Gout, unable to sleep a wink, without uttering one Groan, Sigh or Syllable.

Now Sir, please to tell me what Virtue is there in all this? A common Man, as I am informed, was lately asked, what he meant by the word Resignation? His answer was "I CANNOT HELP IT." Could Socrates have given a better answer?

Resignation is our own affair—What good does it do to God? Prudence dictates to us to make the best of inevitable evils. We may fret, and fume, and pule, and scold, and rave, but what good does this do? It hurts ourselves, and may hurt our Neighbours by the weak, silly, foolish example, but does no good in the Universe that I can imagine.

* * * * *

As I have alluded to Washington I may quote Franklin.

The Aged Philosopher alighted from his Coach at my door, at Auteuil, on an Invitation to dinner. I never saw a more perfect picture of Horror or Terror or Grief, than his Countenance. I was Shocked with Surprise and Compassion. He turned to his Coachman and said, "You need not come for me, I will walk home" (to Passy about two miles.) He then turned to me and said, "I will never enter "the Door of a Coach again, at least if I can- "not find a Coachman who has the Stone."

I believe he kept his Word. But was that Complaint? I see nothing but Pride, Vanity and Affectation and Hypocrisy in these pretended Stoical Apathies. I have so much sympathy and Compassion for human Nature, that a Man or a Woman may grunt and groan shriek and scream, weep, cry, or roar as much as Nature dictates under extream distress, provided there be no affectation for there may be Hypocrisy Even in these Expressions of Torture. * * * * *

(Signed) JOHN ADAMS

LETTER FROM GENERAL MEADE.

The following letter from General MEADE was written in the field near the Rappahannock. As copies of it have done some service through Trinity Church for the Sanitary Fair, it has claim to a place among the records of *Our Daily Fare:*

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
April 8th, 1864.

Reverend and Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the eloquent sermon delivered by you on the day of National Thanksgiving, November 26, 1863, and in behalf of the noble army under my command, thank you most kindly for the gratifying mention made by you of the services it rendered the country at Gettysburg, and for your just appreciation of the great victory won by its valor, under the favor of God, on that memorable field.

I am, very respectfully, your obe't servant,

GEO. G. MEADE.
Major-General Com'ng.

REV. DAVID WASHBURNE, *Phil'a., Pa.*

VICTORY!

BY KANE O'DONNEL.

Up to the continent's dome, to the monument mountains old;
Round by the ocean that rears round by our torrents of gold;
Out from our commonwealths free, one shout, one acclaim shall be given,
Nature's one voice shall be ours, bearing Heaven's message to Heaven!
Now the long peril is past—lo! in the battle the omen—
Victory! victory! rolled—rolled in the wreck of the foemen!

Giant the triumph but long—long the fierce death-volley rattles;
Bleeding, our legions press on, rounding the cycle of battles.
Strong as the forests they stood, gun to gun, shoulder to shoulder,
Charged with their eyes to the fire—never our eagles were bolder;
Then how they swooped on the foe! Fallen his pride at meridian,
Smote by the sword of the Lord—sword of the Lord and of Gideon!

O! the ages shall hear, and be proud, how our yeomen went into the onset;
Stormed hill, the red day was won, and with banners rode into the sunset,
Glory of Israel theirs—theirs the promise of Canaan!
Charged with the thunders of Grant—charged with the young Pennsylvanian!
But a marshal fell dead at his post, and midway in honor,
Wadsworth! thy noble white-head went down like a banner!

Pity the wounds and the sweat—pity the sorrowful corses
Cramped in the ashes of death, trampled down by the horses!
Pell-mell and over the guns, prone and aghast unto Heaven,
Lonely and uncaressed—but sublime that they've striven!
Oh! to be with them! or on, on with the legions unshaken,
Flush by the flag—one in the shout—RICHMOND IS TAKEN!

When the long battle-march o'er, homeward the soldier returning,
Light shall his heart be; again, maiden's bright eyes shall be burning,
Loved of the land which he saved, prouder the step that he marches!
Cheer him in triumph the way under the heaven's blue arches!
Joy to the victor again! Wide open the portal!
Scatter with roses the way. Hail to the hero immortal!

Patient we wait for the end! Sober and solemn the praises;
Deeper than tumult the joy Freedom in homage upraises
Here from the granite hearts'-faith, strong with the truth that we offer,
Mighty and earnest to do, steadfast and silent to suffer.
O'er all the anguish and death rest benediction supernal;
Peace! spread thy gentle white wings, brooding eternal.

was a Refreshment Hall, and it was supplied in lavish abundance with every variety of edible, from every place in the neighborhood. The city and its vicinity was divided into districts, and each district covered the tables with cooked dishes of all kinds on a particular day assigned to it—coffee, oysters, turkeys, ducks, chickens, hams, tongues, beefsteaks, cakes, fruits—and a hundred ladies waited on the guests. There was a Ladies' Bazaar, in which almost every thing that ladies can either devise or manufacture, or that they or gentlemen are at all likely to require, was exposed for sale.

There is hardly any art or manufacture that was not represented at it, and hardly any department of industry in the West which did not contribute to it. And though last, not least, there was an Art Gallery, containing all the most valuable pictures to be found in Cincinnati or its neighborhood, lent by their owners for the occasion. It must not be forgotten, too, that, as we remarked in our last, Cincinnati, young as it is, possesses a collection of pictures and engravings such as only one or two other cities in the Union can boast.

The proceeds of the Fair were $230,000. This was a large advance on that of Boston, and a still larger on that of Chicago, and was doubtless due to the experience gained by the example of these cities, as well as to the growth of the enthusiasm which the success of the earlier efforts in this direction inspired.

LOVE AT THE FAIR.

The following letter, supposed to have dropped from the ridicule (we beg pardon) the *reticule* of a young lady from the country, was picked up yesterday in the picture gallery of the Fair. There being no address upon it, we print it for the benefit of "the concerned."—EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, June ——, 1864.

Dearest Amelia Ann:—I had not the slightest idea of writing you so soon, at least not until I had heard from *you* dearest, but I've had *such* an adventure; you cant think how interesting, and ma's in such a flurry about it, you dont know how she embarasses me by her constant allusions to him,—for you must know he's *perfectly charming*. Of course you feel an interest in all that concerns me, and will know from your own experience in *affairs of the heart* how terribly *absorbing* such things are, particularly to one who like me never before felt what our dear Byron calls the "strong necessity of loving." But I'm anticipating. Well dearest you know we left in the 11 o'clock train, pa and ma, and aunt Slocum and cousin Bob,—in such great spirits you know. I felt bad enough, though after we started, thinking of you all, and you in particular, my best and dearest friend.

O how little did I think when I kissed you at the depot, and you complimented me on my new bonnet and said I should catch a Philadelphia beau at the Fair, that your words were *so prophetic!!* Do you know we didn't get to the city 'till ever so much after dark, owing to a delay on the up train, which broke down or something of that sort;—no, it run into a freight train—I remember now, Pa said it was that, but to tell you the truth Amelia Dunn, I don't distinctly remember anything about the journey down, *his image* has so completely crosed every other impression. O, how freely I talk to you my friend; but you know how dearly I love you, and that I can never keep a secret from you and that all my thoughts are yours and always will be—I mean, always have been, but after a certain event, I don't know whether it will be right then, for I shall have another to share my confidence. (For heaven's sake, dear, *tear this letter up, or burn it as soon as read.*) Well, let me see, how far have I got? O, I remember, got to town, and here we are at the "Continental Hotel," way up—I dont know how many stairs, and we go up and down *by steam* in a box like a thing with a chair in it.

I must reserve, however, all these *commonplace* things for another letter, and come at once to *my* affair. Do you know we all went to the Fair, the first day, and *it's splendid.* But I can't write about that this time, I've so much to say to you. Well, we went to the Fair, pa and ma, and I and aunt Slocum, and cousin Bob. There was a great crowd, and, somehow or other, aunt Slocum and I got separated from the rest, and I found myself standing before a picture of the Rocky Mountains, by *Bierstadt*, and I said to aunt Slocum, "Did you ever see anything half so lovely?" Immediately, a deep, *rich, manly voice*, at my side, answered, "O yes, Miss, far more lovely, for I behold you." I looked up, in amazement, and there stood a perfect stranger, in the shape of a splendid fellow, with liquid, hazel eyes (ma says they're brown, but I say they're hazel), and whiskers black as coal, and the loveliest mustache, and *such* an expression of countenance!

I was of course very indignant and all that, but he apologized so sweetly and really seemed to feel so badly at having broken the rules of etiquette, &c., that my heart pitied him, although I didn't let him see it. "Pardon me Miss," he went on to say,—"but really I fancied your question was addressed to me, and I could not avoid replying to a voice that sounded so sweetly in my ear." I looked around for Aunt Slocum, and do you know I couldn't find her!—the crowd had separated us, and I stood there alone! What a position, and what could I do? I had to tell the gentleman that I missed the lady who was with me—I was very much frightened. Then you should have seen his countenance light up!—he insisted upon my taking his arm, "only long enough to protect me from the crowd and to find my Aunt." So finding it utterly impossible to adopt any other course, for what could I do, Amelia, *but* to take it—*I took it*, and we went together on our search for Aunt Slocum. But the cunning man! what do you think, instead of going where I thought most naturally she would be in the room near where we had been, he insisted on going the opposite direction, assuring me that in all probability, my party would not stop to look for me, but take it for granted that I was safe, and had gone on to inspect the Fair. "Well on we went."

I think it must have been for hours, although it seemed but minutes to me, so entertaining and agreeable was my companion. He told me all about himself and managed the conversation so cleverly that long before we found Pa and Ma and Aunt Slocum I had reciprocated his confidence and told him all about myself. He was very polite to pa and ma, and apologized again and again, and gave pa his business card and promised to call next day at the hotel to make our acquaintance. Pa was a little stern at first, but became quite favorably impressed with my companion at last and cordially invited him to tea with us the next evening. Well, you may depend upon it he came and proved very agreeable to *all* of us, and after tea he sat with me in a corner of the ladies' parlor and talked so delightfully, and with such an expressive manner, that I do assure you that it was after eleven o'clock before he left. He said he did not think it was more than eight o'clock, so rapidly had the time passed. Ma was horrified to see us going on so "after so slight an acquaintance," but ended by admitting "that young folks must be young folks, and that *she* went through the same thing when she was a girl." I must tell you the name of my admirer. His name is Phœnix Featherby, (is'nt it a lovely name?) and he belongs to the great firm of Ketchum, Contract & Ketchum, of St. Louis, and altogether, as Aunt Slocum says, "it will be a very desirable thing, if the young gentleman's antecedents are all right, as no doubt they are." Antecedents! to be sure! why, of course, they are.

Aunt Slocum never will forget that her grandfather's half cousin was an ancestor of the Duke of Wellington, which Bob says is "so snobbish." However, Aunt means well, no doubt. Bob is ever so fond of Phœnix—I mean Mr. Featherby—one must be particular *in writing*, my dear. You know although he call me Fan, and I call him Phœnix—Bob and Phœnix go to dine every day, and Phœnix—I mean Mr. Featherby dines and takes tea regularly with us, so it's all arranged, and it's so nice—you don't know. Well, dear, this letter is long enough, so I'll close by promising you all the particulars very soon. Do write to me, my darling Amelia Ann, and tell me how my good news impresses you. Ever dearest, your eternal friend, FANNY.

ELECTIONEER!!

[Written for "Our Daily Fare."]

BY P. F.

When Presidential fights begin,
Or when the time is nearing,
The only way the victors win
Is by electioneering.
Electioneer, electioneer, the party leaders cry,
We cannot have a worthy man unless we mean to try.

When daughters want to give their hands,
To men their papas frown on,
They bother till each countermands
The ban of him he's down on.
"Electioneer," say "duck" and "dear," the cunning creatures think,
And never from an obstacle with dark misgivings shrink.

When monarchs wish to aggrandize
Their lands at International
Grand Congresses, they deputize
Some subtle man and rational.
Electioneer, electioneer, and 'stead of future *causa belli*—
Obtain your wish by arguments soft winning, cool and plausible.

Nor can the cause, however good,
Succeed without the trying:
Head-work comes long ere force or blood
Before conversion, lying.
Electioneer, electioneer, the Heavenly Angel writes,
For Providence will credit you for all your proselytes.

Electioneer, nor lack of cheer
Allow to check or baulk us;
Mankind exists while living here
Cosmopolite in caucus.
Electioneer, or cease to hope that any cause can thrive,
New men, good men, and many men, must keep the thing alive.

Nor "swag with doubt nor shake with fear,"
Go boldly in the lists,
Our motto be Electioneer.
And parties can exist
In this way only. Freely spend
And we will triumph in the end.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

The Art Gallery—Reports of the Fair—Gossip.

The due course of our reports brings us, at length, to the most remarkable single feature of the Great Central Fair—its collection of Paintings, the largest ever exhibited in America.

THE ART GALLERY.

As we write for posterity as well as for the present generation, and as many persons who are at a distance from Philadelphia, and cannot visit the Great Central Fair, are among the readers of *Our Daily Fare*, we will do in this article what would otherwise be a work of supererogation, to wit: dwell at some length upon the magnificent collection of pictures which compose the Art Gallery in the Great Fair. Upon the organization of the Fair this department was placed in the hands of a committee formed of the following named gentlemen:

Joseph Harrison, Jr., Chairman; Thomas Sully, Henry C. Carey, Caleb Cope, Wilson C. Swann, M. D., Jas. L. Claghorn, Wm. P. Wilstach, Charles Godfrey Leland, John H. Towne, Edward S. Clarke, Ferdinand J. Dreer, Hugh Davids, Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Prof. H. Coppee, George S. Pepper, Charles J. Peterson, J. W. Bates, Jos. A. Clay, George Whitney, William Struthers, Thomas Moran, Christian Schussele, John Sartain, Rev. H. J. Morton, Wm. Bucknell, Jr., F. W. Lewis, M. D.

There was also a committee of ladies who co-operated with the gentlemen named above, and the result of their joint industry, labor and enterprise is seen in the splendid gallery which forms so important a feature of the great exposition. Messrs. Harrison and Claghorn were most active in this labor of love in the cause of patriotism, humanity and art, and how well they have done their work, thousands of square feet of canvas, every inch of which is eloquent of high art, abundantly testify. The reader can, if he pleases, imagine a gallery five hundred feet in length, comfortably and even elegantly furnished, (when the temporary character of the building is considered), admirably lighted from the roof by day, and made brilliant by thousands of gas-jets at night. In this noble gallery, more than a thousand pictures are hung, with not a solitary indifferent painting among those that are placed upon exhibition, with hundreds the value of which is counted by thousands of dollars, and with not a few that are individually worth "a king's ransom."

Perhaps the most attractive picture in the gallery is Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains, and about it an admiring group of visitors is always gathered. The artist has given us a glorious picture of green sward, water fall, mountains and sky, with the eternal hills piled up in the back ground, and melting away in dreamy distance, while in the foreground savage life is illustrated with wonderful fidelity to detail. To the earnest gazer the picture is almost stereoscopic in its clearness and boldness, and the delicacy of coloring the groupings, and the management of lights and shades, afford unmingled satisfaction to the lover of art.

Gignoux's Alps by Sunrise is an exquisite picture, which will be appreciated and enjoyed by all who have traveled through mountainous regions. We seen just such scenes in our own Alleghanies when the mist was lifting from the valleys, and resting upon the mountain sides, as the artist has given us in his magnificent Alpine picture.

Meisonier's Standard Bearer, although covering but a few square inches of space, is an exquisite little gem, around which the lovers of genuine art hang with delight. This picture is valued at five thousand dollars.

Rothermel's Christian Martyrs, in the Coliseum, is one of the chief attractions of the Art Gallery. The scene in the arena, in the background, where the unequal conflict between the unarmed man and the fierce lion is in progress; the group of martyrs in the foreground, representing all the contending emotions of fear, terror, suspense, love and hate; the fierce sternness of the Roman centurion, and the gentle yielding of the pure and heaven-inspired maiden, are all portrayed with consummate skill and feeling. This picture will always rank high among the works of the distinguished artist who conceived and painted it.

The same artist also furnishes us with a couple of local paintings, which we inspect with delight, marred somewhat by anachronisms which, though slight, are still annoying to those who are hypercritical as regards the unities. One of these pictures represents the first reading of the Declaration of Independence in the State House Yard, and the other depicts the scene in front of the State House upon the evening of the day of the Battle of Germantown, when many of the wounded were brought to the city and placed in the lobby of the State House.

In the last described picture the artist has succeeded in making a very effective grouping, and of conveying a very excellent idea of such a scene at such an era, and under such circumstances; but the picture would please us better if the main door of the old building had been painted as it was in 1776, and not as it was made many years afterwards by some vandalish city commissioner, who desired to make a "job" for a political favorite. In the scene representing the reading of the Declaration of Independence, ancient looking houses are represented upon the east side of Fifth street, below Chesnut, when, in point of fact, there were no buildings upon the ground until seventeen years afterwards, Norris' garden having remained undisturbed until 1793.

These are drawbacks which are only formidable in the eyes of those who are historically "posted" in local matters, and who are "critical on nothing" on such points, although they do not affect the merits of the pictures as works of art. The French Savan could not enjoy Talma's performance of Othello because the great actor wore black gloves in lieu of staining his hands to represent the "livery of the Sun." Our Savan said truthfully that the palm of the Moorish hand was never as dark as the back of that useful member. Upon the same principle we object to the modern door in the revolutionary State House, and to pointed gabled houses where no houses whatever stood in 1776.

We have no fault of this kind to find with some other paintings by the same gifted artist, which appear in the collection. In his picture of Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth, he gives us a spirited representation of the way in which the young and handsome adventurer at court succeeded in winning the favor of the maiden queen, by gallantly spreading his cloak over a puddle that lies in her path, and which

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 17, 1864.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT.

THE Great Central Fair was honored yesterday by a visit from the President of the United States. The President left Washington, on a special train, at 7 A. M., reached the Broad-street depot about 12, and was escorted to the Continental amidst the warm greetings of the throngs of people who crowded all the streets. Having rested for a few hours he was driven out to the Fair Buildings, where he arrived shortly before 5 o'clock. He was received and welcomed, at the eastern end of Union avenue, by Mr. JOHN WELSH, on behalf of the Executive Committee, and was then escorted through the various Departments of the Fair.

Wherever the President appeared, his reception by the people was of the heartiest character. There was great waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and flags, and genuine outbursts of cheering prolonged almost without end, spontaneous and universal. Such a crowd, with such surroundings, and a reception marked by such unmistakable signs of real esteem and affection, must have been quite bewildering to our simple-hearted and patriotic Chief Magistrate.

This visit of the President is *the* event of the Fair, and is at once a signal compliment to the Sanitary Commission and the Fair, and an evidence of the deep interest of the President in whatever concerns the welfare of the soldiers of the Union.

The President was accompanied by Mrs. LINCOLN and their son.

Although the price of admission was twice the usual amount, the concourse of people at the Fair was immense.

LITHOGRAPH OF THE FAIR.

In a short time every vestige of the Fair building will be removed, and the only worthy representation of it will be the beautiful lithograph now being daily printed in the building itself. This, of course, gives it an additional value, as it enables the purchaser to preserve a memento of a building no longer in existence, by means of a beautiful picture printed and published in his own presence, and bought during the continuance of a Fair, the like of which we shall probably never see again. As a work of art it is very fine, quite worth the amount for which it is sold, without reference to the peculiar value which the circumstances we have mentioned give to it.

SOME PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH to show their new clothes, others to conceal their bad habits.

THE HOSPITAL DIRECTORY—"ONLY TWO LINES."

Complaint is sometimes made of the large outlay which is required to maintain the Hospital Directory or Register, by which the name and condition of every inmate of a military hospital throughout the country is ascertained. To keep constantly an accurate list, is, of course, a work involving an immense amount of labor, and requires the employment of many clerks. It is said that the information given in answer to the inquiries of friends is very meagre, not usually exceeding two lines. But if those who heedlessly think that such information is of little value, could see the crowds of anxious relatives who throng the office in this city immediately after a great battle, earnestly seeking to know the fate of those who are dear to them, they would form a very different opinion. When inquiry is made as to the position of any soldier supposed to be wounded, if his name is not found in the lists of the hospitals here, application is made to the office at Washington, and the answer is sent at once in something like this form: "A. B., private in company 'A,' 118 Regiment P. V., admitted to Seminary Hospital in Georgetown, June 6th. Wounded severely but not dangerously, [or as the case may be.] Dr. ———, Surgeon, Rev. ———, Chaplain."

Those who talk of the useless expense of the Directory should witness the sense of relief which such information conveys, and the grateful appreciation of it by loving friends, before they undertake to measure its value by its length. They would discover that in the world of affection, the deepest emotions, hope, fear, despair, every shade of anxiety, are affected quite as much by "two lines," such as we have given, as by twenty millions which could only tell the same tale in a different way.

The other day, in a desperate assault upon one of the enemy's positions in Virginia, a soldier, who had often braved the perils of battle, received while passing on, "first among the foremost," his death-wound. He was soon found by one of our agents, and such succor as his case seemed to require was afforded him. But the hero felt that his last hour was approaching; and while expressing himself most grateful for the kindness which he received, and which he stated had been bestowed upon him by the same hands on previous occasions, he calmly prepared to die. He gave to the agents his last messages for the different members of his family, and he then said, "I have a little money, not much; I wish it were more, for the purpose to which I devote it;" "but," he exclaimed, as his life-blood was fast ebbing from him, "I give all I have to my best and truest friend—the best and truest friend of the soldier—the Sanitary Commission." This will is "only two lines" long, but could it have given any richer and nobler inheritance to us, who to-day are striving to succor such as he, had it contained many folios, and bequeathed millions of money.

CHANGE.

We do not refer, in this connection, to the mutations of human life, nor do we desire to philosophise on the ravages of time. We advert merely to the conversion of a large amount of money into its smaller constituents. This is a very simple operation and in everyday life takes place rather faster than is agreeable. An eccentric English nobleman once called one of his race horses "Change for a Sovreign," on the ground that it went faster than anything that he knew of. Probably, if he had seen a greenback at the Fair, his experience of life would have been improved.

The conversion is easy enough, but more persons have probably became aware, within the last week, of the number of cents, five cents, ten cents, twenty-five cents, contained in from one to five dollars, than were ever cognizant of the fact before. The presiding deities of a number of the departments have been more accustomed to buying than selling. They have confined measures to the very simplest processes of mental arithmetic. They have never troubled themselves with ciphering out the cost of their yards of ribbon and lace, but when they have had doubts, they have brought bill and money home together, and gone at the problem with pen, ink and paper. Suddenly they have been converted into sellers, with an instantaneous demand for the price of so many yards, at so much a yard, to be taken out of such a sum of money, with very scant change to do it with. This is not an easy task, surrounded with all the embarrassments of a Fair to a naturally diffident person, but it has been done with a success quite wonderful under the circumstances; sufficiently so at least, to show how very well, women with a little training, would do many of the things entrusted at present in our country entirely to men. In France, women are book-keepers and cash-keepers, and are found to be quite as accurate and much less tempted to dishonesty, than the rather fast young man whom they replace. If our Fair should be the means of opening a new career for women, it would not be the least of the many good works it is performing.

STEELE SAYS: "It is the duty of every man who would be true to himself to obtain, if possible, a disposition to be pleased." We commend this sentiment to those who conceive discontent to be a mark of superior intelligence.

SOME WRITERS AND SPEAKERS, like some spiders, seem to have the power of spinning out of themselves, everything they have in them. The product is often thin and weak.

pipe and chandelier from the Slate Roof house; curious writings; inaugural of Penn as first governor of Pennsylvania; "Extra Bulletin, fourth edition," announcing same platform adopted by the Penn Nomination Convention; Penn's letter of acceptance; and the copy of a telegram, viz.:

PHILADELPHIA, 3mo 10th, 1690.
Gulielma Maria Springett Penn,
5th Avenue Hotel, N. Y.,

I will join thee to-morrow. I start in the eleven o'clock train to-night—fast line—Camden and Amboy. WM. PENN.

Tableaux vivant—Penn family at tea—Contraband waiters.

Bill of Fare: Slippery Elm Tea, Aerated Bread, Tomatoes, Ice Cream, Strawberries, Smear Case.

These I believe are the most notable. But I must close. If you publish this I shall annoy you again. WAYFARER.

Come on. Dare say we can "stand it" as long as you can.

The following record of patience under misfortunes of a varied and trying nature was picked up by one of our news-boys just outside the Penn Parlor:

DEAR SAL—I write to let you that I am wel and happy in Philadelfy, also have had all my close stold. There is a great many prety girls at the Sannetairy, but dont think I look at thum. I miss you too much. indeed I begin to think that sepperation from you is very like another world called Deth.

Ever yours, —— ——.

Authenticity guaranteed. At least 'twas found so.

.....Who says that the Fair is'nt kept clean. Germans call girls "brooms"—how they sweep is set forth in the following, by one of our Fairies:

Said the Mayor of our City "It much me distresses
Our streets are so dirty, no brooms and no men;"
"Never mind," said the girls, "we have all our new dresses,"
Those good little girls of the City of Penn.

"Organdy, silk, barege and grey grenadine,
No need is there surely of brooms or of men;
Only let us alone and we'll sweep them all clean,"
Said those good little girls of the City of Penn.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE SWORD.

An artist calls our attention to the very spirited DRAWING OF THE SWORD; he ranks it among the best steel cuts of the day. Price only one dollar. He remarks that SHAKSPEARE, in the matter of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," had a leaning one way:

"Vouchsafe me, for my MEED, but one fair look,
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give"—

but, for the artist's part, he is contented to let the people decide who shall draw the sword from the sheath, with the sheath, and leave a large amount for the Sanitary—say ten thousand dollars—

"And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give!"

TRIALS OF A COMMITTEE MAN.

MR. EDITOR:—It is to be hoped that the Sanitary Commission will appreciate the labors of the ladies and gentlemen who have been acting on the committees of the Central Fair. Those who have not actually been "in the harness" and performed the manual labor of working up the commercial mind to the *donation pitch*, can hardly comprehend the many and manifold petty annoyances and vexations which have hindered us in our labors of love and charity. Let me give you a few instances of my daily experience while acting as a member of the Committee on ——. Having every evening, for a fortnight previous, been employed with my wife, her two maiden sisters, five children, and my grandmother, in writing circulars, folding, enveloping, addressing, sticking, and stamping the same, and having duly posted them all at the nearest lamp-post, I started off, one misty, moisty morning—that weather being, in my judgment, admirably adapted for keeping my "constituents" at their places of business—and commenced my calls upon them in alphabetical order.

With a mingled feeling of nervous apprehension and shyness at the unwonted occupation in which I found myself engaged, I timidly entered the magnificent warehouse of Storeum, Prophet & Co., and inquired if any of the firm were in and disengaged. A florid, bustling individual advanced, and seizing my hand with cordial greeting, at once placed me on the pinnacle of auspicious hope. "Sir," he said, on hearing my name, "I am delighted to see you—you have arrived most opportunely. We never—no, sir, never had so large and elegant a stock of desirable goods as at the present moment. If you will step up stairs I will show you samples of such as are now landing Ex 'Rover,' Ex 'Queen of the Isles,' and Ex 'Julius Cæsar'—this way, sir, *if you please.*" At the first interval of breathing space, I hastened to say to Mr. Storeum that I would not trouble him to display his merchandize to *me*, but that anything he himself might choose to select would be acceptable, &c.

Storeum's expansive countenance concentrated itself into a profound stare of incomprehensibility, until after a pause he exclaimed, "My dear sir, you really do not mean that *we* shall select *your* goods! You of course know your own wants and customers best." "Customers!" I replied, "I have no customers,—you do not, I hope, mistake the object of my visit; I am no purchaser, but am simply soliciting donations for our Great Central Fair which is to take place on the ——." "Fair!" replied Storeum and his *suaviter in modo* suddenly became transformed into an attitude of melancholy disgust, "Fair, sir, I've nothing to do with Fairs and dont mean to have, and as I am particularly busy just now, I'll wish you a very good morning." Exit your humble servant, crest fallen as a new hat caught in a shower. After walking a while under the concealing canopy of my umbrella, absorbed in reflecting upon the deteriorating influence of commercial life in general, and the expediency of Central Fairs in particular, I found myself searching the signs for the name of the second hopeless individual in my list of contributors. At last I found it, and with my lesson in adversity freshly in mind, determine to adopt a different mode of attack.

With fear in my heart, but with the semblance of indomitable courage in my eye, I entered the counting-room and commenced in this wise: "Mr. S. Sawder, I believe—ahem!—Mr. Sawder I sent you a few days since a circular from the Committee on * * * for the Central Fair. I take it for granted that you intend contributing to this vast benevolent object: an object, sir, that redounds to the glory of the Federal Union—a cause, sir, etc., etc. Before you reply, sir, I beg to state that if you should, from any possible cause, see fit to decline, you will be a solitary exception to your fellow-citizens and the trade in general; that is, sir, with one other single instant, for *in one single instance* only have I met with a refusal to contribute to this magnificent charity!" Mr. S. Sawder looked upon me with a sort of Christian resignation, and clasping his white elongated fingers, half dozed his benignant eyelids, and delivered himself in this wise: "I doubt not, my dear sir, that the object of this enterprise is fully deserving of the encomiums you so happily apply to it. In fact, Mrs. S. Sawder, and I myself, have frequently selected the case of the sick and suffering soldier as the topic for discussion in the quiet circle of my domestic fireside; but, alas! sir, charity begins at home.

The gains of my business, and I admit they are by no means small, are devoted to the education of my children, to the adornments of the social sphere, to the cultivation of those virtues and graces which so eminently"—at this juncture I made my escape; wisely judging that the style and value of the contribution likely to be made by S. Sawder & Co. would not require much space or attention in the Central Fair.

I will not burden your columns, Mr. Editor, with a detailed account of my visits on that memorable first day of my committee work. It will be sufficient to say that the task was at first most discouraging. Mr. Small Taters said that "business had been bad" last year, and he could not afford to give any thing. He was smoking at the time a regalia cigar which never cost less than 25 cents, and sporting a pin consisting of a carbuncle, set in diamonds. Then there were Messrs. Slaughter & Co., who wouldn't give because they thought "the Administration was too slow, and didn't push on

she was compelled to cross, and winning royal smiles at the cost of damaged finery; and in another excellent painting, the same artist shows us the haughty queen in a far different situation and mood, when she is deliberating between inclination and stern State policy, with the death-warrant of Essex spread out upon the table before her, and with the fatal pen in her hand.

Mr. C. L. Muller has put an epic upon canvas in his grand picture of the scene at the Conciergerie prison on the 9th Thermidor, (July 27, 29,) 1793, when the last roll-call of the Reign of Terror was taking place. It will be remembered that at this time the counter Revolution, which sent Robespierre and so many of his associates to the Guillatine, which they had glutted with blood for two years, was about to take place. The appearance of a crowd of eighty victims in the streets had excited public indignation and sympathy, and the muttering of the tempest which afterwards destroyed the terrible triumvirate, were plainly heard. The next day the storm broke; and Robespierre was its first victim.

The artist has chosen for the subject of his picture the moment when the last roll-call of the eighty victims, who had been condemned to the scaffold, was being called; and all the contending emotions of a crowd of people so situated are finely depicted. In the foreground is seen, grouped together, the unfortunates who have been denounced to the revolutionary tribunal, and who are still uncertain as to what their fate will be. Others, again, have heard the dread sound of the Recorder's voice as he called their names, and summoned them to take their place in the tumbril, which is seen, through an open door at the rear, with one victim, with her arms pinioned behind her, standing upon it.

Terror, fear, hope, apathy, despair and courage are all portrayed upon the canvas, and there are not wanting such exquisite pictures of anguish as the parting of husband and wife, parent and child, and such by-scenes as the placid face of the unconscious infant sleeping upon the mother's breast, while the mother's own features tell a story of dread and unspeakable anxiety lest her name should be next upon the roll of the doomed. As a memento of the time when France was drunk with blood the painting is invaluable; as a work of art the painter has made his picture worthy of the importance of his subject.

No. 471 upon the catalogue is a capital picture by Hicks, of New York, of Edwin Booth as Iago. The treacherous officer of the generous and unsuspicious Moor is represented standing in a musing position, with his countenance indicating the wily workings of his wicked heart. The artist speaks almost as plainly as Shakspeare himself, and the picture seems to say:

"Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Li ve Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I fobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be; if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril;
No, he must die!"

Mr. Hicks has been quite as successful in his portrait as he is in the sentiment of his picture, and the likeness of Mr. Booth will be readily recognized.

With a notice of a new and brilliant production of our countryman, Edward H. May, at present in Paris, we must close our notices of the Art Gallery until the next number of *Our Daily Fare*. The picture represents the departure of Lady Jane Grey to the place of execution, and her presentation to the constable of the Tower of her tablets, almost the only article she had to bestow upon him. The countenance of the lady bears the impress of sorrow and grief, blended with resignation and dignity, while the figure of the constable is a study. The coloring of this fine picture is excellent. It is the property of Mr. Joseph Harrison, Jr., who had it placed in the Art Gallery of the Fair before putting it in his own private collection.

.....The original Proclamation of Emancipation, signed by President LINCOLN, sold at the Chicago Fair for three thousand dollars. A few duplicates, with the "veritable and authenticated" signatures of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Secretary SEWARD and Mr. NICOLAY, are for sale at the *Daily Fare* table; price only ten dollars. Every branch of the Union League, and indeed every patriot, should be proud to own one of these. They were obtained for the Fair, by Messrs. GEORGE H. BOKER and CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, who guarantee the authenticity of the signatures....."Can you tell me," inquired a gentleman of one of our Daily Fairies, "why they separate the water color pictures from those in oil, in the Fine Art exhibition?" "I suppose it is because oil and water will not mingle," was the gentle reply. He gazed at her steadily and sadly, and murmuring, "So young, so—" purchased a paper-cutter and departed.....Those who would secure a really beautiful and quaint souvenir of the Fair should, after watching the curious machine of BURDEN'S which illustrates practically the manner in which horse-shoes are made for the army, purchase a set of the small gilt shoes—reminding one of the golden shoes of the consul-horse Incitatus—which are hung to red, blue, and white silk ribbons; price only forty cents. As it is the fashion, style, mode, furore, and, in fact, *la chose* to wear these just now, perhaps our advice is needless. But a stern sense of justice compels us to add that at no table—always excepting that of the great and good *Daily Fare* itself—have we found a ministering angel more courteous or winsome than among the Fairies of the Horse-shoe. But, with compliments aside, BURDEN'S horse-shoe machine is one of the most wonderful inventions of the age, turning out at the rate of sixty shoes per minute, and furnishing *six hundred tons* per month. Stop and see the principle exhibited in the miniature machine in the centre of the east end of Union avenue, under the Illuminated Shoe; and, above all, do not forget *La Belle Mareschale*—"Our Lady of the Horse-Shoes."

.....One of the staff contributes the following in reference to "Relics of Washington:" It will be a sure sign of national degeneracy when there shall be any abatement in the reverence which the American people feel for the memory of Washington. We note with satisfaction the great interest which the relics of the Father of his Country inspire in those who examine them at the Fair. Numerous articles of great value, from their association with his public and domestic life, will be found enumerated in the catalogues. Since their publication, however, a new object of interest has been contributed to the Department of Arms and Trophies. It is the cane of Washington, which he bequeathed in his last will to his friend and kinsman Robert Washington, from whom it has descended to his grand-son, the present owner, Col. Peter G. Washington, of Washington City, who has kindly permitted its exhibition at the Fair. It will be found about the centre of the room, in a glass case, which also contains silver vases presented to two of our naval heroes.

.....We cheerfully find a corner for the following reminder, from a gay correspondent, of certain things forgotten in our enumeration of the curiosities in the Penn Parlor: "Your correspondent from Penn Parlor has sent you an agreeable letter from that shady place, enumerating a few of the antiquities. Here are a few he did not see, or at least did not mention: the *carte de visite* of Penn, photograph from life; photograph album containing card pictures (also from life) of the Penn family, and some of the Indian chiefs, once the property of James Logan; steel pen with which the great founder wrote his will; gold pen with which the treaty was engrossed, also the charter; *and deeds by which the lands were conveyed to the early settlers*, with *internal revenue stamps* thereon; the meerschaum pipe of peace; baby-jumper in which the Penn infants were wont to exercise; portions of the washing, wringing and sewing machines which were used by Gulielma Maria Springett Penn; also parts of the drilling and mowing and reaping machines in use on the farm at Penn Manor; Mrs. Penn's grand piano; a photograph of Philadelphia in 1700, showing passenger cars in front of the Slate Roof house, instantaneous view; seventeen cords of the Elm Treaty wood; gas-